The Journal.

W. R. HEARST.

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FOR SEASIDE AND COUNTRY.

Readers of the Journal going out of town for the Summer can have the Journal mailed to them for forty cents per month, postage free. Addresses changed whenever desired.

THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair.

Mr. Cleveland preferred voluntary privacy to that of the compulsory denomination.

It cannot be charged that Candidate Bryan is "mortgaged" or that he is in the hands of a syndicate.

Mr. McKinley is now trying to hitch the tariff question to the financial question and drive them tandem.

Mr. Bland will doubtless step aside now and allow some of the hired men to do a little of the farm work.

Several overheated individuals would do well to cool off before mapping out a programme for the campaign.

Candidate Sewall can begin his missionary work right at home, where he has a son tinctured with McKinleyism.

The little town of Lebanon, Mo., is a sadly disappointed community. It had made all the arrangements to Cantonize itself.

Notwithstanding the effort of the South Carolina Senator, the pitchfork is not to be an important factor in the campaign.

Hon. Tom Carter and other politicians of his calibre are in a most uncomfortable position. They don't know where to go.

Mr. Eckels has served warning on the democratic nominee. It cannot be that the Comptroller is opposed to the young man in politics.

Possibly Mr. Tillman had no idea the Convention would nominate a newspaper editor when he made his vicious paper on the press.

Recent experiences show that the disturbing elements in a national convention are the sergeants-at-arms and their assistants.

Unless the friends of Tom Reed change their minds, there will be a number of Maine Republicans "present and not voting" this year.

Those Democrats who are contemplating a change of politics should first make an examination of McKinley's record as Governor of Ohio.

Candidate Bryan has the advantage of belonging to himself. His candidacy is a great improvement on the syndicate system of running a man.

The stirring times in Chicago last week did not interfere with the series of hold-ups now in progress in that town. The open robbery of a New York concern was doubtless in honor of the intense feeling against Wall Street.

Mr. Whitney will doubtless feel highly complimented when he ascertains that one of Mr. Cleveland's thick-and-thin organs charges that Senator Hill and himself were treacherous to the cause of sound money at Chicago. However, Mr. Whitney has had experience with the close friends of the President, and no doubt he made up his mind to experience something of this sort when he gave up his European trip.

THE LITTLE REPUBLIC.

A comparison of the conditions prevailing in our great Republic and in the little Junior Republic which the boys and girls from the tenements are running at Freeville is not very flattering to adult pride. While we are in a miserable financial and political snarl, and are calling each other names because we have failed to get out of it, the miniature Republic is sailing smoothly along, holding its Presidential campaign without disturbance or recrimination, and unvexed by any currency problem. It makes tin money answer every purpose of internal trade, while we are losing flesh over the awful possibilities that lurk in silver.

The only thing the Republic needs is some means of settling international balances—in other words, enough lawful money of the great Republic to buy outside of its own borders what it needs to put its industries on a firm foundation. It wants to get more land, and to enlarge its accommodations so that it may take in more new citizens. It is not afraid of "undesirable immigration." It has serene confidence in its ability to assimilate all the accessions Cherry street can send it. It takes pride in proving to us that it can build a successful government out of the very materials whose mere admixture with rest is treated by our grown-up statesmen as a sufficient excuse for their own failure. Ought not this lady juvenile independence, and this extraordinary self-governing capacity in unexpected quarters, to be encouraged? If we had a Junior Republic in every county we should need no reformatories, and not many jails. Nor should we have occasion for many Good Government clubs, for the springs of bad government would be dried up at their sources. The Republic is worth helping, and the news columns of the Journal tell how it can be helped.

A DRAMATIC INNOVATION.

Those who have seen Miss Bessie Tyree play the part of the strong-minded young wife of Henry Arthur Jones's prize idiot in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," will not have been surprised at the news of that clever young woman's cool determination to show Londoners, at the Lyceum Theatre, how the star parts of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Fedora" should be played. From all accounts, Miss Tyree's violent departure from the conceptions of Ellen Terry and Sarah Bernhardt were accepted with due meekness by the Londoners, who were probably too dazed to make any demonstration of their innermost feelings on the subject. The late Frank Mayo was fond of saying that he hoped to live to see the day when "King Lear" and "Hamlet" would be played as comedies; perhaps Miss Tyree has discovered that that was the way Shakespeare and Sardou really intended "Romeo and Juliet" and "Fedora" to be played. But it is unfortunate that she did not present her authority along with her object lesson, as the latter without the former can hardly be expected to convince such tradition-bound favorites as the Bernhardts and the Terrys.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CHICAGO.

The organs whose extravagant vituperation of the Chicago ticket and platform has shocked the community's sense of fairness and decency seem to have forgotten that the election is nearly four months off. A campaign of that length cannot be carried through by a shriek, especially a false one. When the voters hear that a great, historic party, which has ruled the country for sixty out of the 107 years of our existence under the national constitution, and which at the last election polled nearly half a million more votes than its nearest competitor, has suddenly become a collection of Anarchists, cutthroats and lunatics, they will feel a desire to see the evidence on which these monstrous charges rest. When they find that the platform adopted by the convention was not incendiary, but with the exception of the financial plank was moderate, well-considered and cautiously progressive, and that the elements supposed to represent revolutionary ideas were helpless and in disrepute, they will take the ravings of our reactionary contemporaries for what they are worth.

The Sun talks of "the hideous Chicago platform," of the "revolutionists and repudiators" of the convention, of the control of the Democracy by the "Socialist or Communist," and of "Populist-Anarchist candidates, nominated on a Populist-Anarchist platform." The Herald, with a dearth of original ideas, quotes from the Sun and adds: "Me, too." The other members of the anti-Bryan combination follow the same policy, according to the varying degrees of their command of language.

All of these journals know that their epithets are destitute of any relation with concrete facts. Their own dispatches prove that the convention had no sympathy with anarchical, revolutionary or sectional ideas. If there was a revolutionist at Chicago it was Tillman. This is what the Sun said on Saturday about his reception on Thursday:

> When the first ballot was being taken in the convention, and Governor Evans, of South Carolina, announced that the State Convention of his State had instructed the delegation to vote as a unit for Tillman, there was a storm of hisses. This thing lasted for two or three minutes. * * *
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> Pitchfork's delegation voted for him only on the first ballot. On the succeeding ballots Pitchfork himself announced the vote, and every time that he stood on his feet he was hissed.
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> It has been the boast of the leaders of the "new idea" that it was their purpose to do something astounding in this convention; but not even their most ardent admirers believed that the first man they would put on the platform to defend their revolutionary conduct would be "Pitchfork" Tillman, from South Carolina. Vitriolic, vituperative, abusive almost to the point of coarseness, his first half dozen sentences aroused the convention to a pitch of indignation that ended in an almost universal storm of hissing and demands for his retirement.
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> Tillman went further than his sponsers intended. He drew the old sectional line in the contest that is to come. He talked of party disruption and even hinted at a rebellion. When he got through it was so palpable, from the deep and sullen silence that reigned in the hall, that he had insulted the patriotism of every person who heard his words, and had outraged the liberty of speech accorded him under the rules of this convention, that Senator Jones, of Arkansas, the leader of the majority, felt that it was his duty to repudiate what the South Carolinian had said.

Was that a convention of Anarchists and traitors? The Sun had much more at the same time to the same effect. The Herald described the same incident in the same way. On Sunday its dispatches said of Bryan:

> "It must be said of this young man of thirty-six that he is bearing his honors with becoming dignity and without losing his self poise. He has stood about the hotel among his friends, in a wrinkled alpaca coat, all day long, receiving congratulations and asking advice. He has ignored much of the advice and substituted his own views. One of these is that the gold standard men must be placated. This of itself has been sufficient to make Altgeld saw the air and send Tillman off to commune with himself."

The free silver plank in the platform may have been a mistake, but in view of the fact that each House of Congress has repeatedly voted for free silver, by large majorities, within the last twenty years, with McKinley and Carlisle voting on the same side, it is rather late in the day to say that such a mistake is a signal of revolution. In no other respect can the platform be subjected to a definite criticism. There is a wild, inarticulate yell of abuse, but nothing that gives any information of specific faults. It can hardly be considered a crime to suggest that a decision of the Supreme Court, obtained by the change of heart of a single Justice, by which the unanimous decisions of the court for a hundred years were overthrown, may not be permanent. Marshall and Chase were not Anarchists, and the idea that the principles of law that prevailed when they were on the bench may eventually be restored is not disrespectful to the Supreme Court as an institution, although it may not be agreeable to the one Justice who changed his mind.

There is an abundant scope for anti-silver work in the East. Cool, reasonable arguments, free from vituperation or falsehood, should be able to elect a sufficient number of sound money Congressmen to insure the maintenance of a safe financial policy. The one thing that will endanger that result will be such a campaign of wholesale class abuse as will smother the silver question in a general social feud.

WHY WE ELECT A PRESIDENT.

The Constitution provides that "the executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America." The President is made Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, and is given power to make treaties, with the concurrence of the Senate, to nominate ambassadors, judges of the Supreme Court and all other officers not otherwise provided for; to give to Congress information about the state of the Union, and recommend measures for its consideration, and to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." He also has authority to return any bill passed by Congress with his objections, after which a two-thirds vote of each House is required to make it a law.

It is upon this last power, as it affects one single bill, that the whole argument for the defeat of Mr. Bryan rests. It is said that as President he would not veto a free coinage bill if the majority of the representatives of the American people should send him one. In every other respect he would doubtless make an immeasurably better President than his opponent. Of Mr. McKinley's fitness for administrative duties, the debauched public service of Ohio under his regime bears eloquent testimony. The Evening Post, which is now an enthusiastic McKinley organ, published an irrefutable mass of testimony on that subject only a few weeks ago. If experience be worth anything at all as a guide in human affairs, there can be no question that under a McKinley Administration the national civil service would become the prey of the most insatiable horde of spoils hunters that ever swarmed out of the woods of Darkest Ohio.

The constitutional mandate to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed" would mean nothing to Mr. McKinley in the case of any laws distasteful to the syndicate that is financing and exploiting him. We have had melancholy experience, under Cleveland and Harrison, of the dangers involved in a partial enforcement of the laws in the interest of favored classes. Mr. Bryan, owning himself in unincumbered fee simple, would execute the laws without favor. He would perform all the executive duties of his position, which are the primary duties for which the office was created, with a single regard for the public good. And of his minor legislative duties there is only one concerning which his intentions can be deservedly criticised.

Would it not be a curious policy knowingly to elect a bad President for the sake of enabling us to be careless with impunity in our choice of Congressmen? It is easy to elect a Congress whose bills would not need to be vetoed. Would not that seem the reasonable and straightforward course to adopt, rather than to elect a mortgaged President for a single veto which he need never be called upon to write?

A Successful New Musical Melodrama.

By Cable from Alan Dale.

London, July 13.—May Irwin and her thousands of admirers will be highly interested to know that the principal hit in the new domestic musical play called "My Girl," produced at the Gaiety Theatre tonight, was made by her famous darky song, "The New Bully." The melody only of the ditty was used. It was sung in a spirited manner by quaint little Connie Eddis, and was dished up to unsuspecting Londoners under the civilized title of "Lady Tom," the refrain being, "When My Husband is Sir Tom." The audience was wildly enthusiastic. The name of no composer or author was mentioned, and "The New Bully" was launched in London surreptitiously, but none the less entertainingly. When the song was started I puzzled my brains for two minutes to recall the air, then it flashed triumphantly into my memory.

"My Girl" is a very peculiar affair. It is melodrama, with music that was tried in the provinces under the title of "The Clergyman's Daughter." It is arrant melodrama, no half-and-half affair, for it deals with the usual sweet little simple village maiden bursting with a benign spirit of self-sacrifice who has invested all her money to save a scapegoat brother. This scapegrace is in the clutches of a comic money lender. Money lenders on the stage are invariably hilarious, and the solution of difficulty is offered when the financier proposes to the village maiden. Then there is a reverend gentleman who loses all his money and sinks into a chair with the agonized cry: "Ruined!"

The fun of it is that all this is interlarded with music. There is one intensely melodramatic scene between the Vicar and his daughter. When it is over they both burst into song, and the effect is droll.

The specialties, however, will undoubtedly make "My Girl" a success. There are plenty of them. A new pas de trois called "The Universities of Oxford, Cambridge and Yale" is a very charming affair, exquisitely dressed, and capitally danced by Maggie Crossland, Lottie Williams and Margaret Fraser. There are also a couple of eccentric dances by Katie Seymour and Leslie Holland that are rather fascinating, and Miss Marie Montrose warbles a ditty called "She Wasn't That Kind of a Girl." Our good old friend Paul Arthur made his debut before a London audience, and really did remarkably well.

Paul's voice has not developed into De Reszke's organ, but he can make a much better bluff at singing than he did when he was with Della Fox at the Casino. He knows now how to manage his untrammelled larynx. Londoners were very kind to him, and gave him a simmering reception. He played the part that was to have been done by Seymour Hicks. Hicks didn't think it good enough, and Arthur was in luck. His old colleague, Robert Hilliard, was in the theatre to give him a send-off. Ellaline Terriss made as much as she could of the milk-and-water maiden, and John C. Hay was really immensely funny. Lawrence Dorsay, Charles Ryley, W. H. Rawlins, Willie Warde, Colin Coop, Grace Palotta and Connie Eddis all distinguished themselves, and I mustn't forget the genuine colored gentleman, called W. Downes, who played a comedy part with much success.

The Gaiety was packed to the doors. All the Piccadilly Johnnies, with their little glass eyes, were there, a trifle perplexed at the rather nondescript entertainment, and Gaiety girls, old and young, frou-froued in and about the stalls all the evening.

Talk of the Literary Shop.

The death of Charles Howard Johnson a few days ago recalls a story concerning something he said once about a young literary man, who, as did the artist himself, hailed from Kansas City.

The writer in question, without achieving as much financial success as Johnson did—for the artist had been making over $10,000 a year for several years past—attempted to put on as much "side" as if he were a millionaire several times over. His visits to Kansas City were always marked by wild tales of the magnificence of New York, and the wild life a young man had to lead there in order to be at all in it. And never an occasion went by without the writer, whom one may call, for the sake of the argument, simply Arthur, referring to his apartments with a capital A.

One day a friend of both men said to Johnson: "Look here, about these 'apartments' Arthur's always talking about; has he really got a pretty nice place?"

"Well," said Johnson, slowly, "my own flat's not so large, but when my dog wants to wag his tail he doesn't have to wag it up and down."

As a study of character based upon the influence of the stars—an argument for the principles of astrology—"Libra," published by its author, Eleanor Kirk, is interesting, and will doubtless prove logical and convincing to those who are inclined to give the signs of the zodiac credit for the incomprehensibilities of human nature. Otherwise the book has little to commend it, the author's reservation of "rights of dramatization" being especially difficult to account for.

An Obsolete Vintage.

[Detroit News.]

Kentucky people are talking vaguely about the spirit of '76, when it is well known that everything has been drunk up to and including '83.

The 16 to 1 Ratio.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

A man in Georgia has just been ordered to leave the State for adhering too strongly to the 16 to 1 ratio. He was a Mormon.

The Gentle Art of Skinning Your Face.

A famous beauty doctor says that she can make any woman look young. She says she can take a nice little bath of corrosive sublimate and a dear, dainty little electric needle, and she can apply these two charming remedies to the face of a great-grandmother, and, presto! years have gone, and the grandmother is sixteen again.

Stranger than this statement and the wording of it, comes the fact that there be women who believe what the beauty doctor says.

Faith, faith! Talk about Ponce de Leon and his fountain of eternal youth! Talk about "She" and the fiery furnace—this is the real age of miraculous credulity.

Now, it's all very well to smile at the hopeful ladies who imagine that they can live to be fifty and look sixteen, but, oh! but, oh! the curse that is coming down upon us!

The double-dyed, artificial Mrs. Skewtonized! Horror of it all! Think of the middle-aged woman you know; the one with a big family of children, and a church society or two, to attend to, and a garden, and some silver and linen to worry about, and a big host of friends to comfort and console!

Think of her and the corrosive sublimate bath! Imagine her and the electric needle! Think of the gentle, kindly lines that have made her fading face over into a new beauty of its own; think of her face when those lines are gone! Think of the little crow's feet that mean years of gentle good humor; think of the lines about the mouth, that tell of patience and self-sacrifice, needleized out of existence.

Ugh! the hideous horror of it! The woman with the dead face! That's what the sublimated woman will be—the woman with the dead face!

What a charming picture she will make, with her dyed hair and smooth skin, and her old, old eyes, and her old, old, sophisticated soul looking out of them!

Is it an irritating thing or a pathetic one—this pitiful struggle to look young?

What does it all mean, sifted down to the inside meaning of things? What is it all about?

The fight to be young, to feel young, to be elastic and hopeful and vigorous, that means something; but to look young—what? To be admired? No! Men who admire a woman who is figity about her real age are always looking over her shoulder for a younger face.

To be loved? No again. The woman whose whole life is devoted to looking young is seldom loved.

What is it these seekers of youthful looks seek?

Wont some of them please write a letter and tell the dear public all about it?

When, oh! when, will women learn that Nature has a thing or two to say, and that she will say it, above all the flatterings and protestations in the dove cote?

When will they learn that all the paint and the powder and the dye in the world will not make a fidgety old frump into a young girl?

Now, if the beauty doctor would only go into the psychic side of things; if she'd only get some mahatma to go into partnership with her; if she would get that corrosive sublimate into the soul of the woman who wants to look young; if she could get that electric needle process of hers to press out the wrinkles in the heart and the brain—those are the gentlemen that make all the trouble.

Get some Glioh, or any old esoteric thing, to work and to make young hearts; the young faces would follow quicker than the needle could work.

That's what Sarah Bernhardt has—a young heart. That's why she don't care a theatrical snap whether people know she's a grandmother or not.

That's what all the women who really look young and are young, in despite of their years, do—they stop worrying about their looks and worry about their feelings.

But the new electric treatment and the corrosive sublimate—alas the day!—they will do the same old hopeless, pitiful, revolting thing—they will make a sensible looking woman into a hideous travesty; they will make a sport of simple credulity; they will turn the street cars into receiving vaults, with memento moris in every seat, and—once I spent three days at a settlement of lepers in the Hawaiian Islands.

I saw a young girl standing down by the rocks on the seashore. She was tall and slight and graceful. Her long black hair fell almost to her feet. She wore a wreath of white jasmine. She turned and looked at me. To the day of my death I shall remember the horror of that hideous face—crowned with flowers.

Those rejuvenated women—will they wear wreaths, too? WINIFRED BLACK.

Apology Needed.

[Washington Post.]

That reckless sergeant-at-arms who mistook a Chicago Alderman for a pickpocket should be made to apologize to the national organization of pickpockets.

The Ranks May Object.

[Detroit Tribune.]

It looks as if the ranks would have to be seen before Mr. Cleveland is permitted to become a private therein.

Attacked from the Rear.

[Detroit News.]

The foreign talk of bimetallism indicates that the gold men are likely to suffer a desultory fire in the rear from "the most enlightened nations of the earth."

GREAT TRUTHS WELL STATED.

A Few Specimen "Chromos" from William Jennings Bryan's Convention Speech.

"We say to you that you have made too limited in its application the definition of a business man. The man who is employed for wages is as much a business man as his employer. The attorney in a country town is as much a business man as the corporation counsel in a great metropolis. The merchant at the cross roads store is as much a business man as the merchant of New York. The farmer who goes forth in the morning and toils all day, begins in the Spring and toils all Summer, and by the application of brain and muscle to the national resources of this country creates wealth, is as much a business man as the man who goes upon the Board of Trade and bets on the price of grain."

"The miners who delve a thousand feet into the earth or climb two thousand feet upon the cliffs and bring forth from their hiding places the precious metals to be poured in the channels of trade are as much business men as the few financial magnates, who, in a back room, corner the money of the world."

"The income tax was not unconstitutional when it was passed. It was not unconstitutional when it went before the Supreme Court for the first time. It did not become unconstitutional until one Judge changed his mind, and we cannot be expected to know when a Judge will change his mind."

"When I find a man who is not willing to pay his share of the burden of the Government which protects him, I find a man who is unworthy to enjoy the blessings of a Government like ours."

"You come to us and tell us that the great cities are in favor of the gold standard. I tell you that the great cities rest upon these broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic. But destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in this country."

BATTLE OF THE STANDARDS.

Why We Need More Money.

Mr. Torrey E. Wardner, the writer of the following argument, was formerly editor of the Boston Traveller, and is now about to issue a new Democratic daily, the Boston Evening Despatch, devoted to the free coinage of silver.

Mr. J. Edward Simmons, in a seemingly very careful article, has put forward some facts on the money question, which, with the theories built upon them, are not susceptible of a very close scrutiny from an honest and impartial student of political economy. After a very clear explanation of the ratio relations between the two money metals, he brings forward well-known and well-worn statistics purporting to establish his proposition that the circulating medium of the country has been increased per capita, instead of being diminished. Nobody for a moment denies that the circulation has increased, as he says, but he does not strike at the root of it. A maintenance of price does not depend entirely upon the increase of money per capita. Money is scarce or plenty according to the demands upon it. The larger the wheat crop or the cotton crop, or the greater the production of iron or of leather or of any of the commodities, in the same proportion is the demand for money increased. If 100 men producing 5,000 pairs of shoes in a year are able from the introduction of labor saving machinery to produce 10,000 pairs, it is obvious that the demand of the 100 men for money, after such an increase of production, is double what it was before.

The argument so often made that decreased prices must necessarily follow increased production is not tenable, although no one denies that if the price of the shoes, for instance, decreases, the money so received will have a correspondingly greater purchasing power in other commodities. But this will not do, for, although its purchasing power is increased, so far as commodities are concerned, debts have not fallen, and as the debts of the country—personal, municipal, State and national—constitute forty per cent of the entire wealth, which must be borne by the people, it is perfectly plain that the increased fruits of the people's toil are ignominiously surrendered to the creditor, thus giving the latter an unearned increment for the use of his capital.

Mulhall, in his very able article in the North American Review, has set forward this proposition in a most convincing and startling manner. According to him the foot tons per capita have doubled since 1840, and since the demonetization of silver the foot ton energy per capita has increased at least fifty per cent. At the same time the total wealth per capita between 1870 and 1890 has increased fifty per cent. In other words, the wealth per capita in 1873 was $675 for each man, woman and child in the United States, while in 1890 the wealth per capita was $1,030.

Now, then, what do these facts prove? They must necessarily prove that the demand for money has increased in the same proportion, and that, although in 1890 the per capita circulation was greater than in 1873, it had not increased in anything like the proportion to the wealth and volume of business.

Taking Mr. Simmons's figures, $20 per capita in 1873, to get at the amount of money necessary per capita in 1890 in order to increase the currency in the same proportion that the wealth and business of the country increased, an addition of 50 per cent of the money then in circulation, per capita, was necessary. In other words, in 1890 the maintenance of prices and the equitable adjustment of debts depended upon a circulation per capita of $30, or of two billions, instead of the sixteen and a half billions which was circulated in 1890. This absolutely disposes of Mr. Simmons's declaration that the currency of the country had expanded, instead of contracted. No bimetallist pretends to claim that the circulating medium of the country at any one time is not great enough for its present needs. There is always enough money in the country for its present needs, for prices will adjust themselves, and, whether the price of labor is five or two or one dollar, or fifty cents per day, is of no importance, providing that it is maintained or increased as time goes on, and it can only be maintained or increased by a currency that swells in volume, as the population and the wealth and the business of the country increase.

Mr. Simmons again speaks of the impossibility of maintaining the double standard. No argument here is necessary. We have only to point to the case of France, and which was so admirably put by Mr. August Belmont the other day, when he said that the silver and gold was maintained at a parity, and that the Bank of France put out at its own option either silver or gold, in redemption of its notes. Mr. Simmons's reference to the Gresham law has not the slightest effect upon the relations of silver and gold. The Gresham law is usually misunderstood. It is, of course, an axiom in political economy that the poorer money drives out the good. When coin is exported from any given country to a foreign country it ceases to be coin, and is only received at its bullion value. Therefore, all worn, mutilated and damaged coin is kept at home, where it passes at par at coinage value, while the new, sound and unclipped money is used for exchanges because of full bullion value.

TORREY E. WARDNER.

Why More Money Is Not Needed.

It is the question of standards that confronts us to-day and paralyzes business, not the requirement for the Government to manufacture more money.

Two hundred and thirty-one cubic inches make a gallon; if you were manufacturing something that sold by the gallon, and there was a possibility that the future gallon would contain less cubic inches, would you not wait until the new standard gallon was established before you manufactured any surplus? This is just what the people of the United States are doing to-day. The standard gallon is established, as is also the number of units in the dozen, etc., but they don't know what our future dollar is to be.

Mr. Harvey can juggle with false logic as much as he pleases, pile all the gold and silver in cubes, etc., but still the natural laws will exist and the money thus piled will not remain idly there; it will go and come many times. He, like all economists who start out to establish an end, forgets to trace the whole transaction, and stops where it appears to prove his theory.

He shows you how much the debts of the country are, and leaves the reader to understand that after they are paid the gold paying them will be consumed. These debts will all be paid with "the hogs and cattle yet unborn and with the coal and iron yet in the bowels of the earth." Money, whether gold, silver or paper, possesses an indefinite repeating power; it is in one place measuring the value of commodities to-day and in another performing the same function to-morrow.

Do not confound money with commodities. Commodities ultimately reach the consumer and disappear from the market altogether, but money is not consumed when it performs its function; it has simply changed hands, and will continue to do so when business is normal, the oftener the better. Money in a sense is like a yard stick or the pound weight.

Suppose Mr. Harvey should pile all the pound weights in the world in one of his favorite cubes, what effect would that have upon the weight of a load of hay? Weight is controlled by the natural laws of gravity; values are controlled by the natural laws of supply and demand. Will a man eat two meals at one time, simply because he has the "price" in his pocket? Not that he will not spend money more freely if he has plenty of it, but this illustration is used to show that the demand for certain things can be supplied. Bimetallism is an exploded theory. The metals have never circulated together for any length of time, and when they did it was before the telegraph wires could announce the commercial values of the commodities from which they were made. It was done before there was such a wide difference in values caused by the quantity and the cheapness of production; and while all the silver that could be had was being shipped to the Orient.

Again, it is absurd to assume that the money power desires to ruin the people with whom it does business. The common people are the gardens that grow all the flowers of prosperity. The bankers must have prosperous people to whom to lend their money. Would the farmer poison the soil in which he sowed his seed? On the contrary, he would give it a fertilizer. So with the money power. It is a mistaken idea to think the banker makes more money in hard times than he does in good times. Money is not used or borrowed as freely and his credits are all shaky.

The idea of free coinage is confounded with the idea that the people would have more money. Where would they get it? It can become theirs only for a consideration. They should have more thought about its quality.

Free coinage was an early experiment in New York. It dates from the Dutch settlement in this city, then known as New Amsterdam. William Kieft, the Governor, conceived the project of making wampum the coin of the province, thinking to suppress poverty and increase wealth. Now, this class of thing, shells, beads, etc., had an intrinsic value with the Indians; they used them to ornament their dress. But with the settlers it had no more intrinsic value than those rags which formed the paper currency of modern days. William Kieft paid no attention to this. He made it the money of his province for all government and private debts. For a time affairs went on swimmingly, money became as plentiful as in the days of paper currency, and, to use the popular phrase, a wonderful impetus was given to business. "Yankee" traders bought of the unsuspecting Dutchmen everything of value they could lay their hand on, and paid them for it their own price in their own money; but if the latter bought anything of the "Yankees" they demanded the money of the world, gold or silver. They would not take shells or beads. The "Yankees" soon established a mint of their own at Oyster Bay, where shells were plentiful, and with this they deluged the province, carrying off in exchange all the dutch cheeses and Dutch herrings. Washington Irving, whose history is responsible for this tale, puts it in this way: "Thus early did the knowing men of the East manifest their skill in bargaining the New Amsterdamers out of the oyster and leaving them the shell."

Under free coinage, would not the other countries of the world pay us with our wampum and make us pay them in gold? Another wrong idea creeps into this theory of more money—that of increased prices. This is true to a certain extent, but after we have enough to make all exchanges the amount of primary money coined has no more to do with the values of commodities and the prices of labor than the distance between here and Philadelphia has upon the speed of the next train that goes there.

When we pay all these obligations "Coin" speaks of, will the money, the gold, be consumed, or will it again find its way into other commercial channels?

There is something higher than money. "Money came along and attempted to buy the canvases of Angelo, but it did not paint them." Labor and raw material are the only true measures of value. When this unsettled state of affairs is ended by judicious legislation establishing our money unit, the American laborers will soon get the dollars into circulation.

W. A. MILLS,
Author of "Gold or Silver?"

Compensation.

A delicate hand never made to toil
The angriest mood in the world will foil,
And wickedest thoughts quickly wing their way
When the eyes are of blue and the smile is gay.

She sits by his desk and he dictates thus:
"The goods that we ordered have come to us."
And he thinks as she writes, in her shorthand way,
Of a pair of blue eyes and a smile that's gay.

There's a clicking of keys, and a sweet perfume
Is wafted across the old counting room,
And it steals to his willing heart to say:
"There's a pair of blue eyes and a smile so gay."

'Tis true that he reads, with a stifled cuss:
"The goods that we ordered 'has came' to us."
But his anger soon melts like snow away—
Before the blue eyes and the smile so gay.

G. D. S.

Too Previous.

[Detroit News.]

There are those who suspect that Mr. McKinley has become advance agent for more prosperity than he can book.

Rapid Fire Check Book.

[Washington Post.]

It is intimated that the Hon. Garret Attie Hobart uses a rapid-firing check book.

A Plethora of the Undesired.

[Washington Post.]

It is now believed that Governor Bradley got more different things this year that he didn't want than any other man in public life.

Mr. Platt Is Irritating.

[Detroit News.]

Mr. Platt would confer a favor upon his enemies if he would refrain from smacking his lips when he takes his medicine.